

Inklings for Thinklings



Susan McCall

~~PICTURE BOOK~~

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INKLINGS
FOR
THINKLINGS

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BY
SUSAN HALE

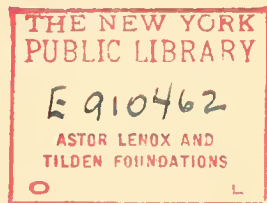


BOSTON M·D·CCCC·XIX
MARSHALL JONES COMPANY
Publishers

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First printing, September, 1919



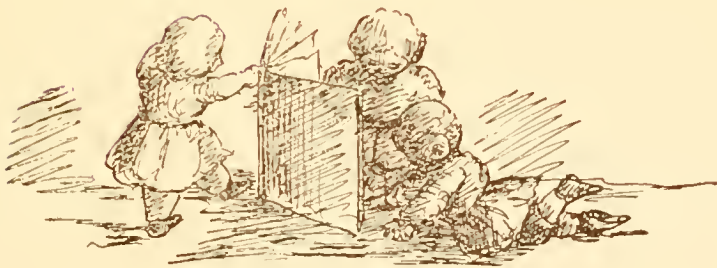
PRINTED BY THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, CAMBRIDGE, U. S. A.



Inklings

for

Thinkings.



December.
1863.

FOREWORD

THE gratifying sale of the "Letters of Susan Hale," and the evident enjoyment of them by the public, have led me to make known two little books made by Miss Hale at the time of the Civil War, which have since that time been in the possession of my family.

"Inklings for Thinklings" was made for a fair for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission, held in the Boston Theatre in 1865. According to the recollections of an old friend of Miss Hale, much interest was taken in the book, which was sold by raffle, the shares were very popular, and there was a great deal of excitement as to who should be the winner. It would be interesting to know how much money was realized and to see a list of those who bought the chances. There must have been on that list the names of many celebrated persons. My father was the fortunate winner, and was always proud of having the book in his possession. His children were brought up on it, and it and the "Nonsense Book" were just as much a part of our education as Mother Goose, or Edward Lear.

CAROLINE P. ATKINSON.

MATUNUCK, R. I.
July, 1919.



Pit a pat, pit - a pat

Stair by stair

What do you think

We shall find up there?

A nice little pillow

A pretty clean bed

Where a tired little boy

May lay down his head





ingle, tangle,
Came a bramble
Round my boot and shoe;
Some said, boot's fault
Some said, shoe's fault; -
What were we to do?
Right and left, -
Boot and shoe, -
We came together
And jumped right through.

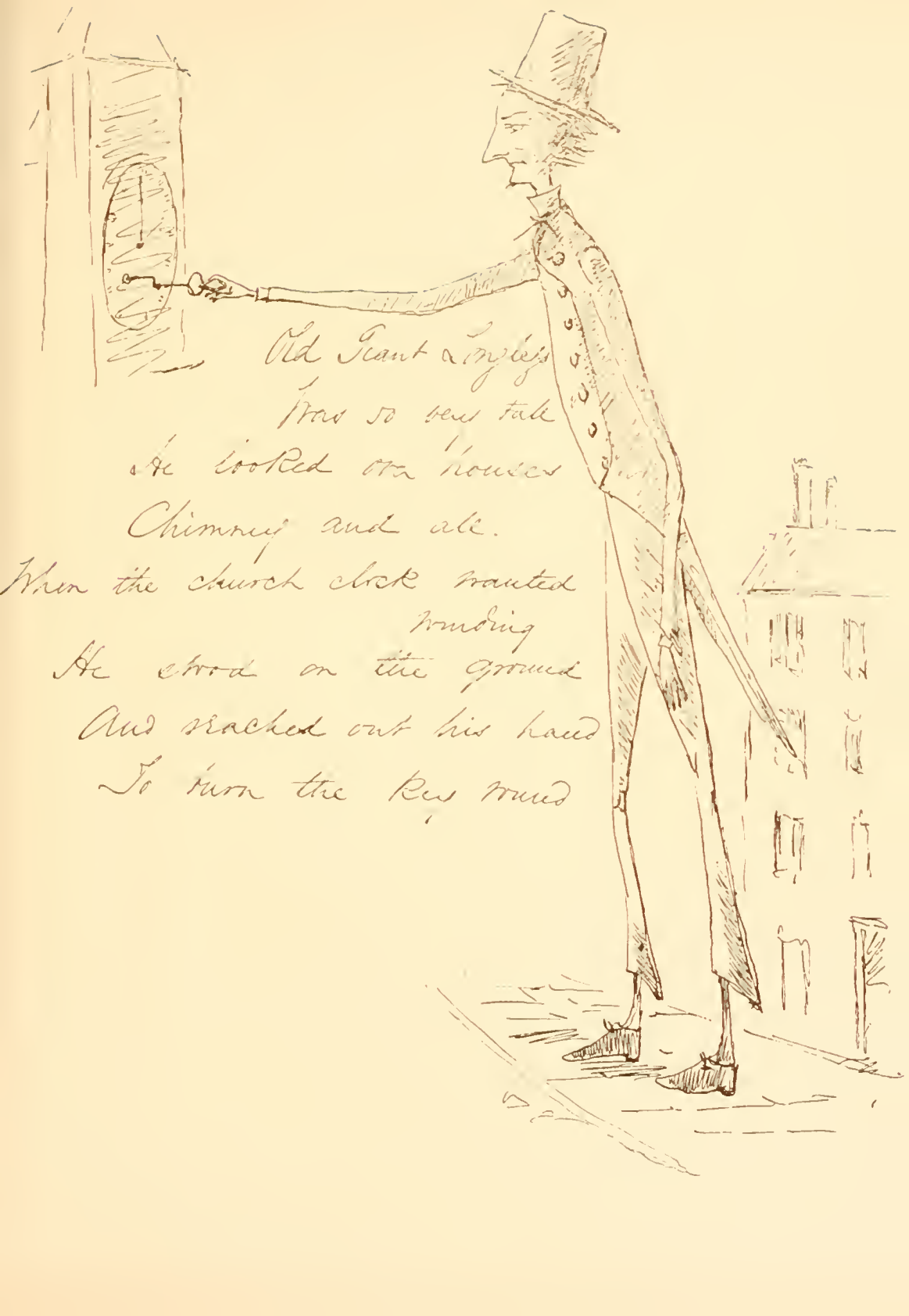
Three geese sat in the barley-straw,
Sate and hisped at all they saw.



A boy came by
And said hi! hi



To the geese that sate in the
Barley-straw.



Old Grant Longley's

Was so new talk

He looked ova houses

Chimney and all.

When the church clock wanted
winding

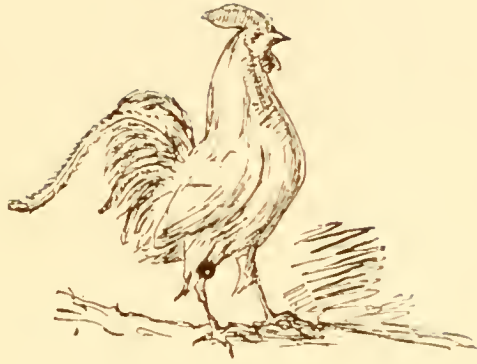
He stood on the ground

And reached out his hand

To turn the key round

Little Frog
On a log
Tell me all about your bog
The poor lubbers
Must wear rubbers;
Could I jump with you,
Sweet Frog!





Here is a -man in spatter-dashes
He wears a coat of a thousand patches;
His face is -horny, -pray excuse it, -
And he has a comb, but does it use it



Big berry pudding piping hot,

All the cooks couldn't get it out of the pot.
Strong Tom came in and soon was able
To send the pudding up to the table.





I'm a little-girl, and I've got a little broom,
And I'm learning how to sweep my little
bed-room

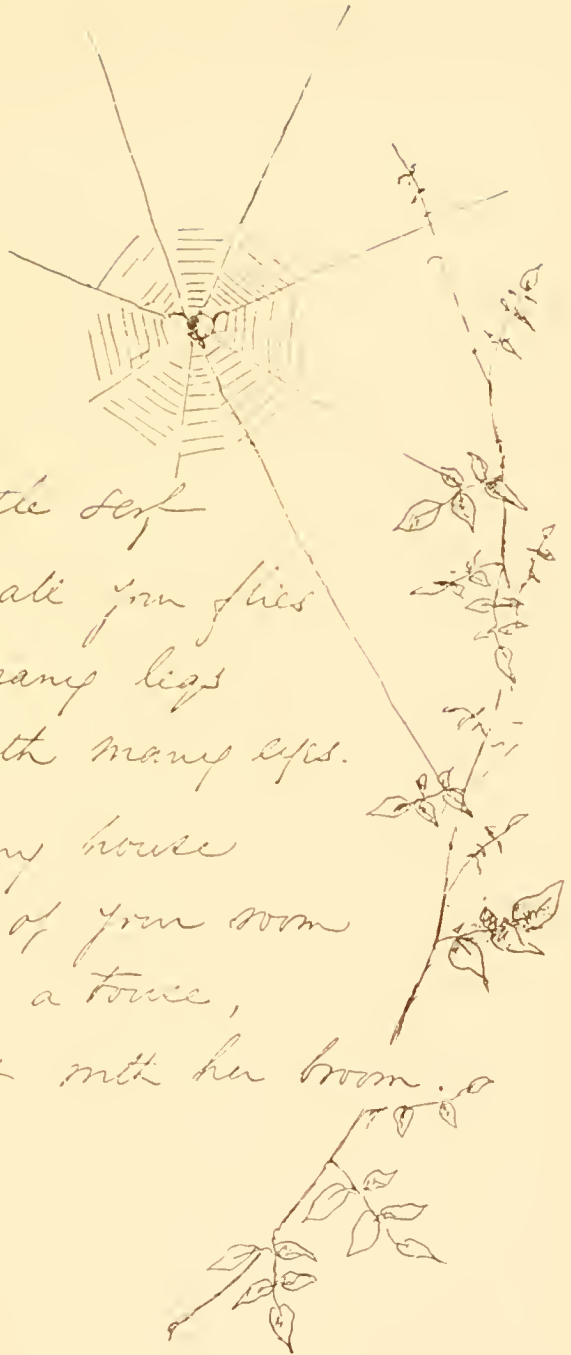
I sweep out every corner, and wipe out every chair
That Mama may look and say
How nice it is there!



Tick-tick-, and ring my bell
That's the way the time I tell;
Turn my hands, & show my face
Stand upright, and keep my place



Down I run from the top of the hills,
Stop on my way to turn the Mill,
Water a garden and fill a well
All my projects I cannot tell -
At last I come to the ocean's side
And pour my water to meet the tide -



I am your little self
And I kill all your flies
I walk on many legs
And I see with many eyes.

But if I build my house
In the corner of your room
You maid with a touch,
Steps me out with her broom.

Little Kitty Kitting
Sat on her stool knitting.

What was it for?

To save Jim at the war

A sock little Kitty

Was knitting.





M
Minitin, medium, caulking pin

W
What shall I have to put it in

M
Make the cushion stout & thick,

E
Else your fingers you will prick.

Solomon Flurry
Lived in a hurry,
All that he did was done

in a
flurry.



Kicked his heels
Eating his meals;—
Even his bed was set upon wheels.

The Romant of the Dolls?

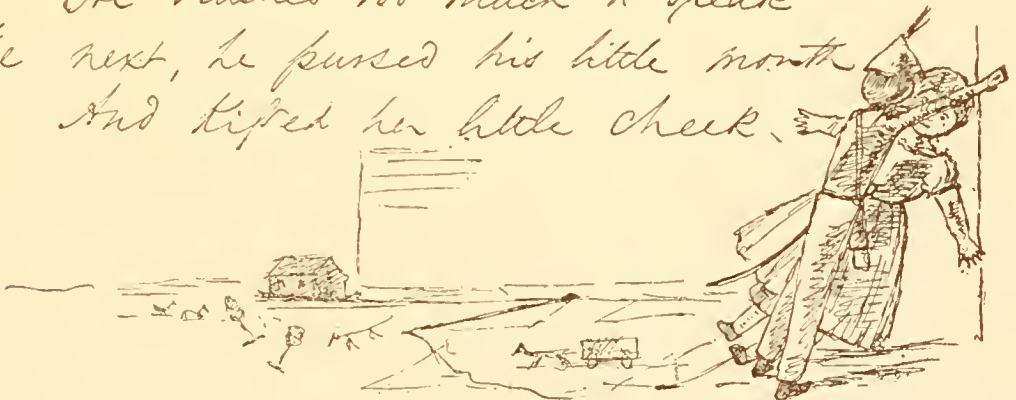
Oh, Tommy was a sothin doll
Twelve inches high or so,
In coat & trousers blue & clad
With buttons all a-row



Oh, Bessie was a dolly-girl
Not quite so tall as he,
With lips as red as cherries are
Eyes blue as blue could be.



The first time Tom and Bessie met
He flushed too much to speak
The next, he pursed his little mouth
And tipped her little cheek.



Now Bessie liked another doll
Her sailor cousin, Ned;
"My cousin Ned shall punish you
You naughty Tom!"; she said

"Oh-Bep!" cried Tom, "you cruel heart
You shall be sorry for;"
Then jumped upon his rocking-horse
And rode away to war.

The rebel dolls turned and ran
When Tom's galloped in
Save one who 'slyly came behind
And stabbed him with a pin.



When Bessie heard what he had done
And all for love of her
She put her scarlet mittens on
Her cloak of Pussy-fur;

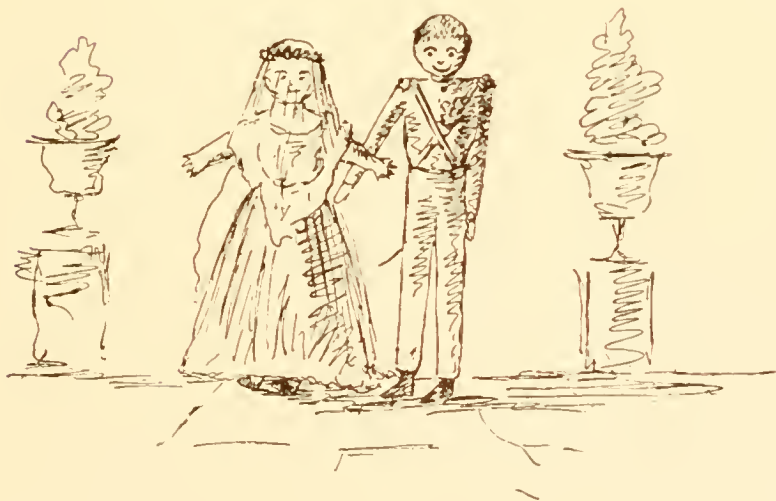


And bade her Squirrel-coachman bring
Her carriage to the door;—
Her carriage, made of Coconut
Her horses Kittens four

And when she saw when Tommy lay
She dropped a little tear
"I love no longer Ned," she cried,
"Now you may kiss me, dear!"

Her gentle speech made Tommy still,
"And will you marry me?"
She cast her little eyelids down
"Yes, Tommy," whispered she

Now Tommy goes to war, no more,
And in the world I guess
You could not find two happier dolls
Than Tommy-doll and Bess.





There was a little Toddler,
That toddled to a well
Then the Toddler tumbled in,
Very sad to tell



First they pulled at one leg,
Then they pulled the other,
Brought the dripping Toddler home
To the Toddler's mother.

The sun is bright, the sky is blue,
You love me, and I love you.

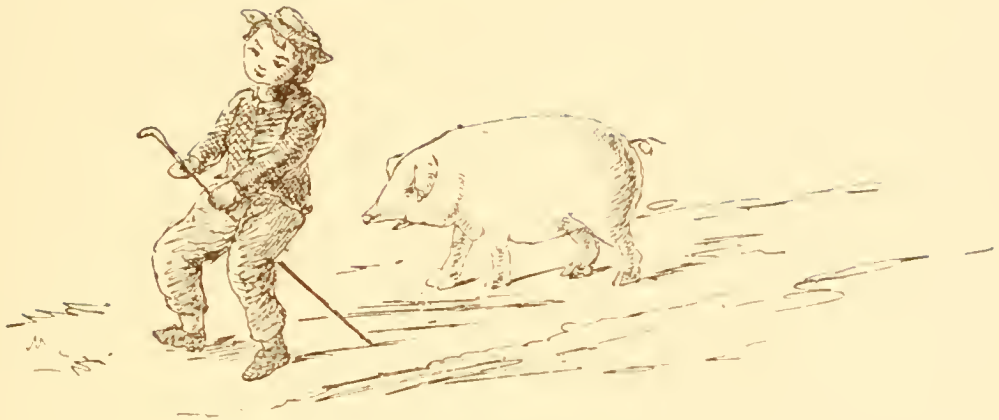
At noon and evening falls the dew;
You love me and I love you.

It rains, it rains and wets us through;
You love me and I love you -

It snows and hard the tempest blew,
But you love me and I love you.

What care we what the weather be
If I love you and you love me!





Horatio went to school one day,
The pig came after to lead the way.

Old Madam Rococo
Set her parlor thus and so;

Crooked-legged table,
High-backed chair,

Odd old china, all
were there.

High-heeled shoe

And pointed toe,

Suited Madam Rococo.





Brave little Betty Bumble
Struck her toe, & had a tumble.
No one was by,
But she didn't cry
Brave little Betty Bumble.

Good King Henry

Went to sea

Every ship

Had sailors three.

One to steer

One to row,

And one to watch

The tempest blow.

The ship went up

The ship went down

The King leaned over;

Off! went his crown

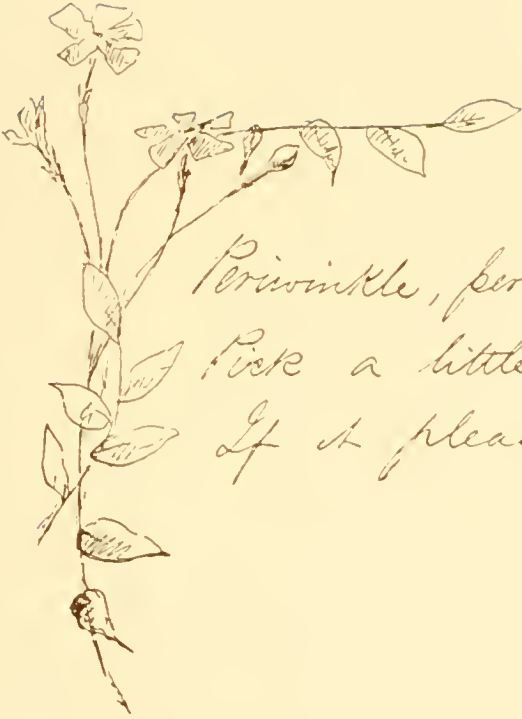
"Oh dear! Oh dear!"

King Henry said

"To think of my crown

On a fish's head!"





Periwinkle, periwinkle, white & blue,
Pick a little periwinkle,
If it pleases you -

Said one,
Said he,
I do not see
Why I
Am not
As nice as he

Said another
Brother,
Sitting by -
He's not
Almost
As nice as I.

Two fools
On two stools
By & by

They'll be sent to their schools.





The picture just glances off from the Pike.
"To snap at the man on the bridge,
if you like!"





Dear me!
How comes it
To pass,
That I can see
My face
In the glass!

There is
a table
And
here is a chair,
A nice little room!
May I go in there?

Under a stone a spider,

Under a leaf a fly

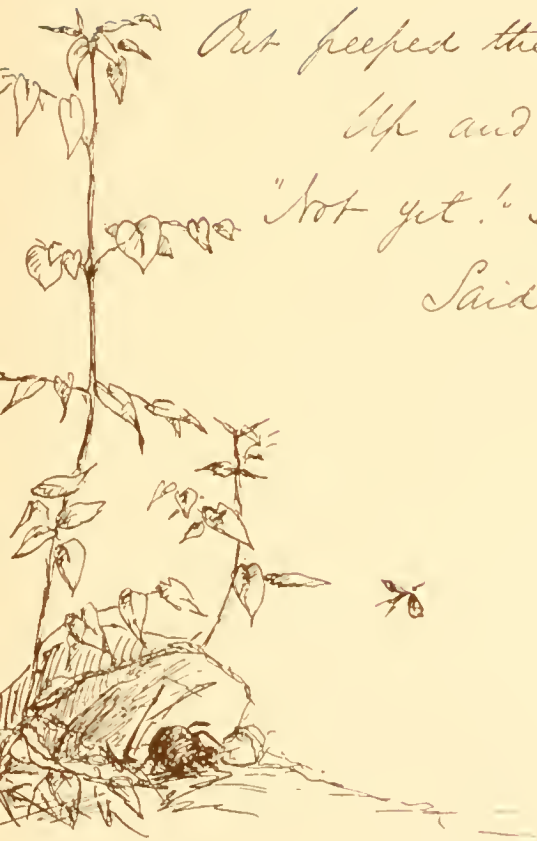
Out peeped the spider, and looked the fly,

'Up and off!' went the fly. -

"Not yet!" said the fly to the spider

Said the spider,

Goodbye!"



Go up the steps and ring the bell
And ask where Mrs Jones's daughter,
Little boy with face so rosy,
"He went to Lunenburg to-day,
And won't be back again they say,
Till a year come near October."



Playthings get broken too soon, too soon!

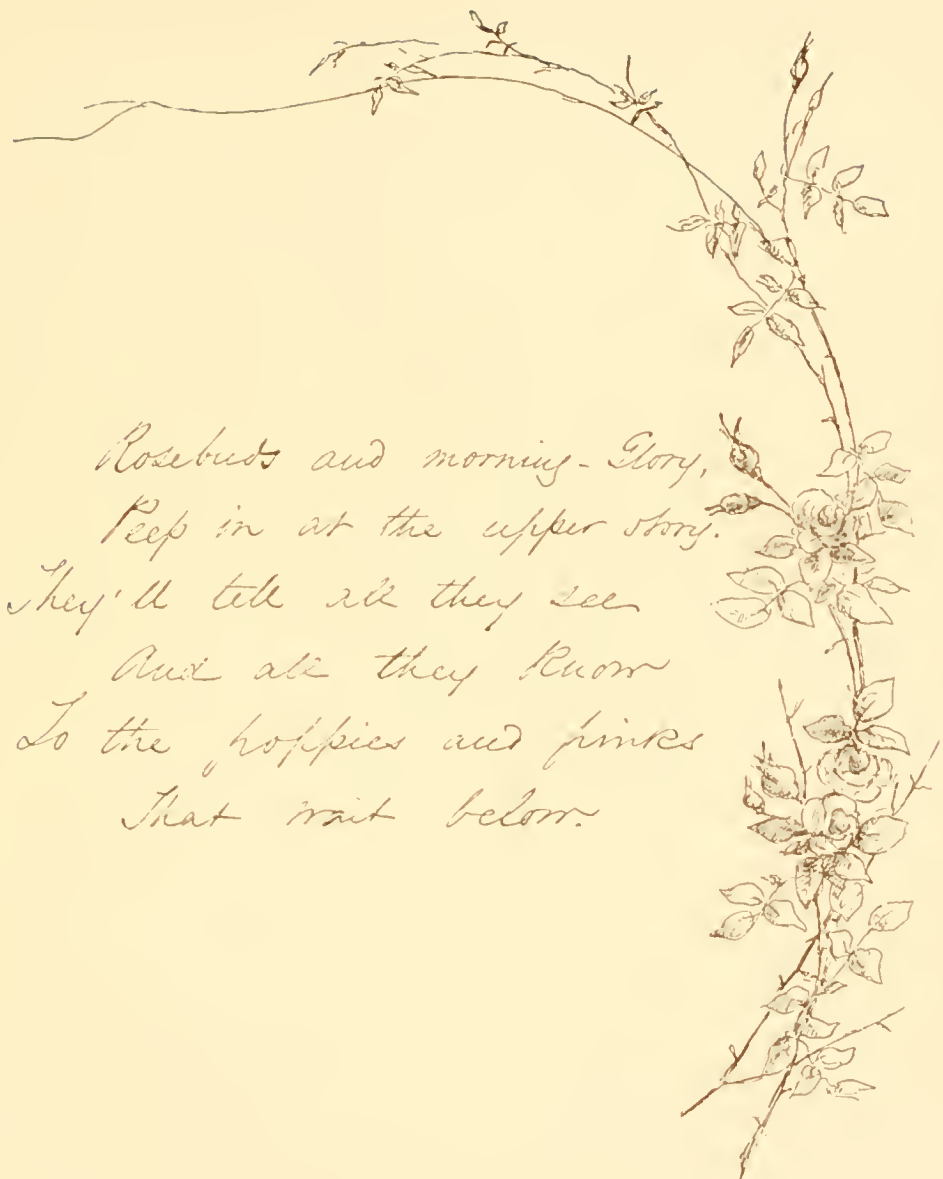
I fell in love with the moon & the star.
It was not with the star, it was not with the moon,
For things go rumbling down with a jar!
Last night, I thought they would kiss before noon,
And tonight, they are parted so far, so far!
I was the and that I loved; not the star or the moon.

JKL, - MNO, - PQ, - R.





Two lame men went out to walk
Met three dumb ones who
 Couldn't talk,
 Joined five blind girls that
 Couldn't see,
And all danced round a poplar-tree.



Rosebuds and morning-Glory,
Keep in at the upper story.
They'll tell all they see
And all they know
To the hoppers and jinks
That wait below.



A fish jumped out of the pan
on the fire
Jumped again a great deal higher
But he came at the chimney-top
And into the water fell with a
Pop!

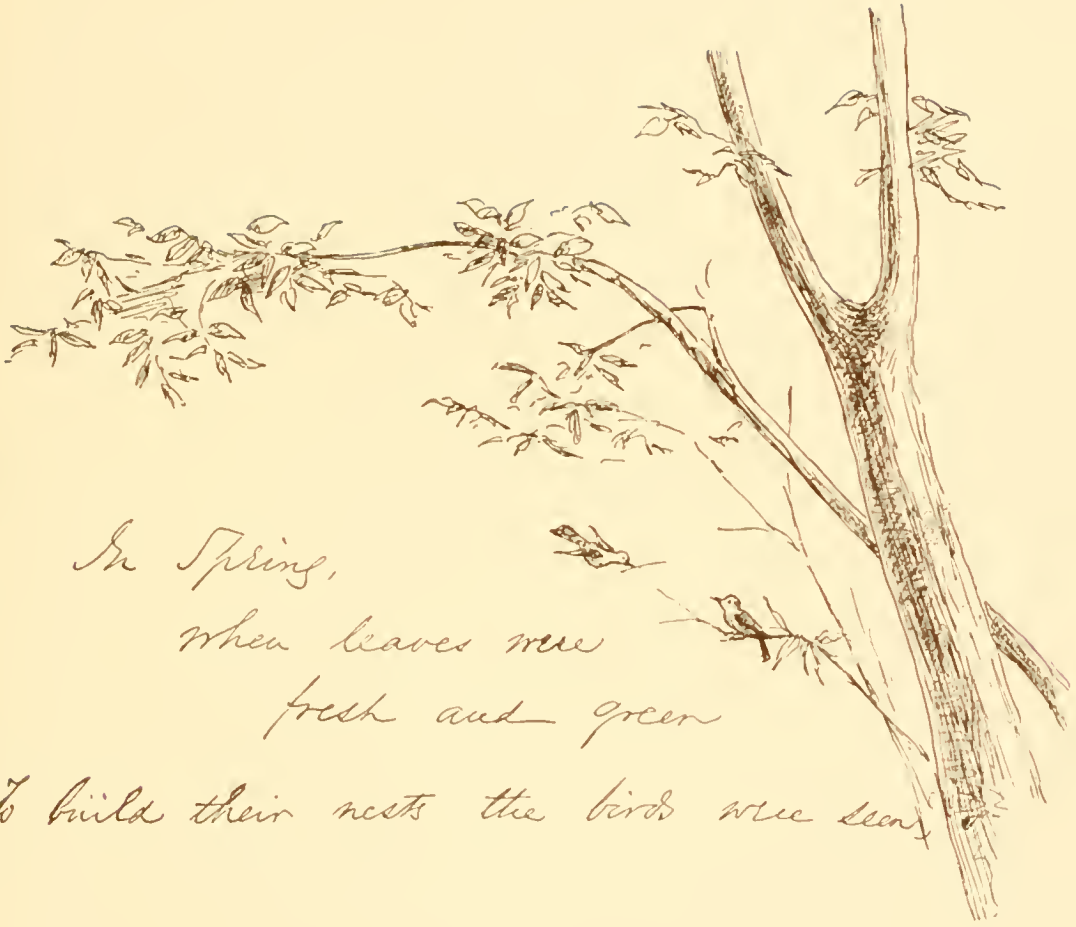




Kicklety, Kacklety, my little hen
Has hatched out chickens, nine & ten;
Nine & ten;— and oh! good luck!
Among the chickens is one little Duck!



Jimmy, Jimmy, don't be cross!
Take the reins and be my horse
I will not drive you very hard
Just up and down, and round the yard
We'll change when we get to the
apple tree
I'll be horse, and you drive me.



In Spring,

when leaves were
fresh and green

To build their nests the birds were seen,

But now that boughs
are leaf and bare
The birds fly, twittering,
here and there





Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake

One, two, three,

A cake for you & a cake for me,

A little pitcher

And one, two, three,

With a cake for you, & a cake for me

A little plate

And one, two, three,


With a cake for you, & a cake for me

A little penny


And one, two, three,

Half for you and half for me

And we'll live together merrily.



A feast for us both,
The robins and me,
Red ripe cherries
That grow on the tree
Enough for them
And enough for me



Be care for nothing
The robins and I
What we get to-day,
We eat - and away
What care the robins
Or what care I!



Little Miss Pringle wrote to her Lover
That her Aunt-in-a-Snuff-box sneezed off
the cover.



Ba, be, bi, bo,

Pussy cat's running out in the snow,
But soon comes on from the chilly street
With little white stockings on her feet.



O jimini, Oh jo!

Ba, be, bi, bo,

Nobody comes for Fleet and Snow -
Puss by the fire has taken a seat
And is washing the stockings off her feet
Licking her little paws so neat.

O jimini, Oh jo!

A pigeon sat by a great barn door.

Coo, said she; Coo, said she.

"All who come in must first ask me

Coo," said she; Coo, said she

Up came a cart and oxen two;

Coo, said she; Coo, said she

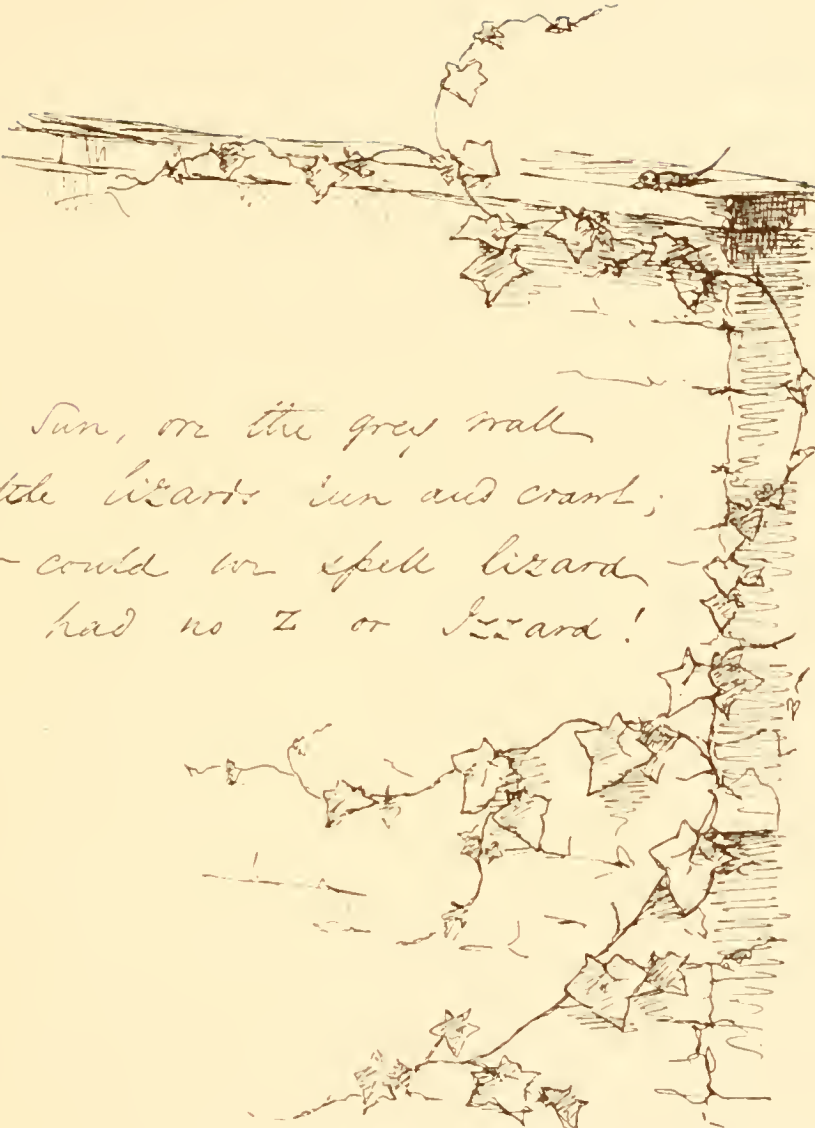
Away the pretty pigeon flew;

Coo, said she; Coo, said she.





Little Fanny Toniton,
With her new spring bonnet on
Rosebuds pink and violets blue
And its crisp fresh ribbons too,
The prettiest girl in Honiton
Is little Fanny Toniton
With her new spring bonnet on



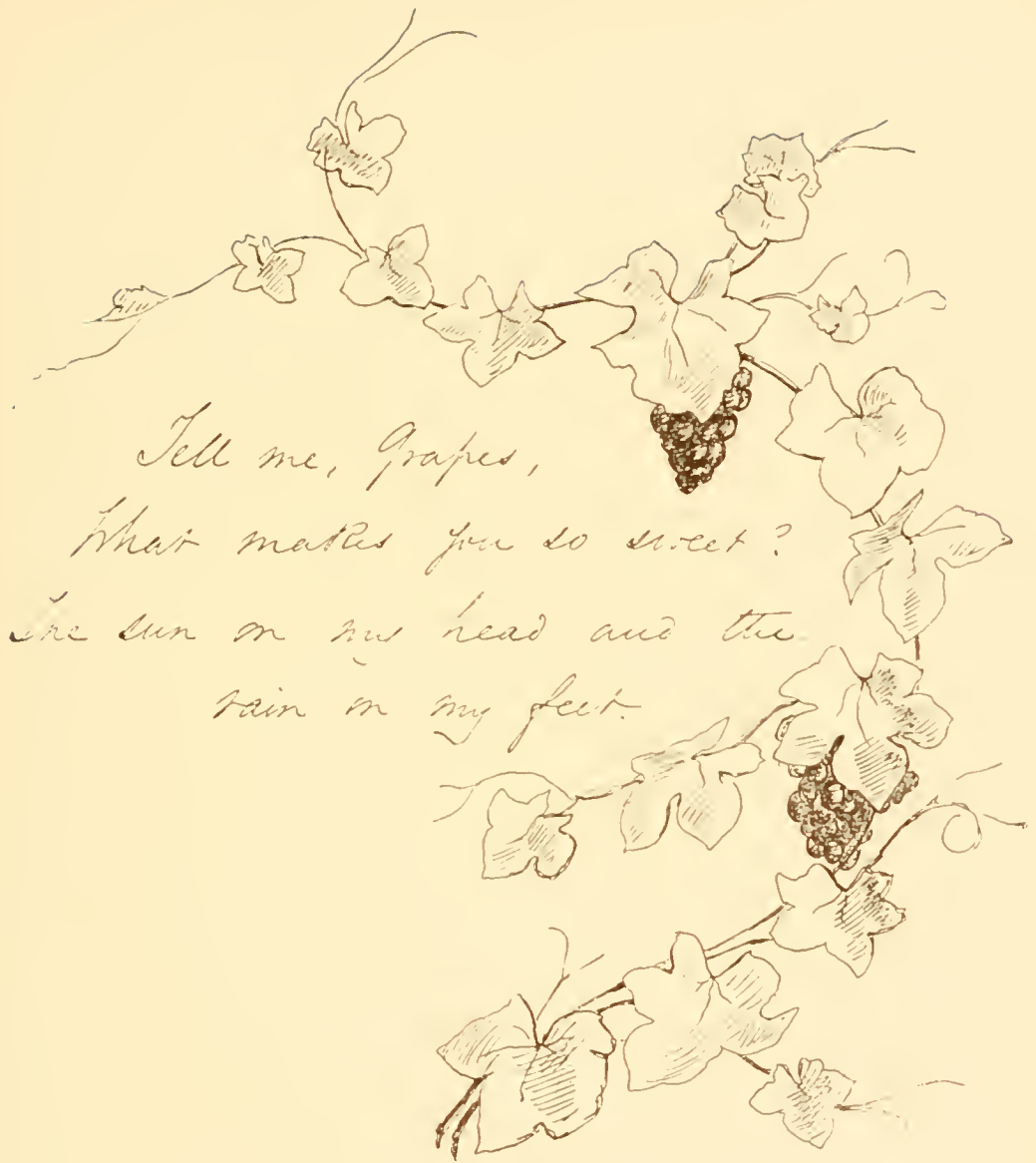
In the Sun, on the grey wall
The little lizards sun and crawl;
How could we spell lizard
If we had no Z orizzard!

Down in the bottom of the sea
A sculpin asked his friends to tea -
The gills-fishes
Were served in dishes
A lamprey lighted the company
Just as the lobster sang the bill
Just as the oyster opened his shell
Down in the dark
Came a great shark
And swallowed all the company.



Great **A** and round **O**
Off to school I merrily go.

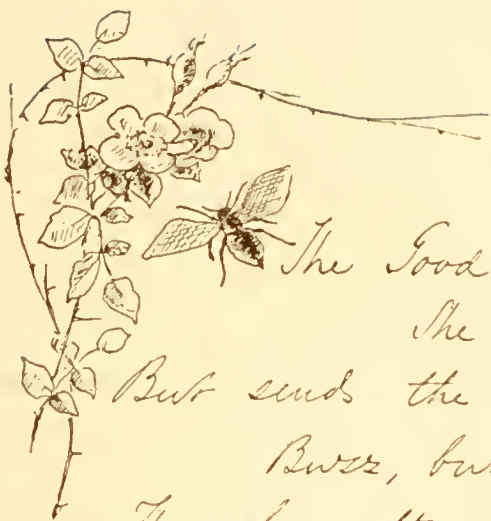
Crooked **S** and straight **N**
Merrily I go home again.



Tell me, Grapes,

What makes you so sweet?

The sun on my head and the
rain on my feet.



The Good Queen Bee
She sits at home,
But sends the others out to roam,
Buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz.
They bring the honey back by lots
To fill their little honey-pots -
Buzz, buzz, buzz.

Emperor, Emperor, where have you been?

I've been to Sicily to see my Queen.

Emperor, Emperor, what did you there?

I took off my clothes and jumped
into the sea.



I can hold the shovel,
And I can use the hoe,
And I can wheel my
wheelbarrow
Wherever I would go. —



Pussy-cat, puss-cat, up the tree!
Master dog! You don't catch me.





Burly Billy Bobadil
Had a cough and took a pill
What a pity he was ill!
Burly Billy Bobadil.

Mr Burns with his plough-share.

Turned out a mouse.

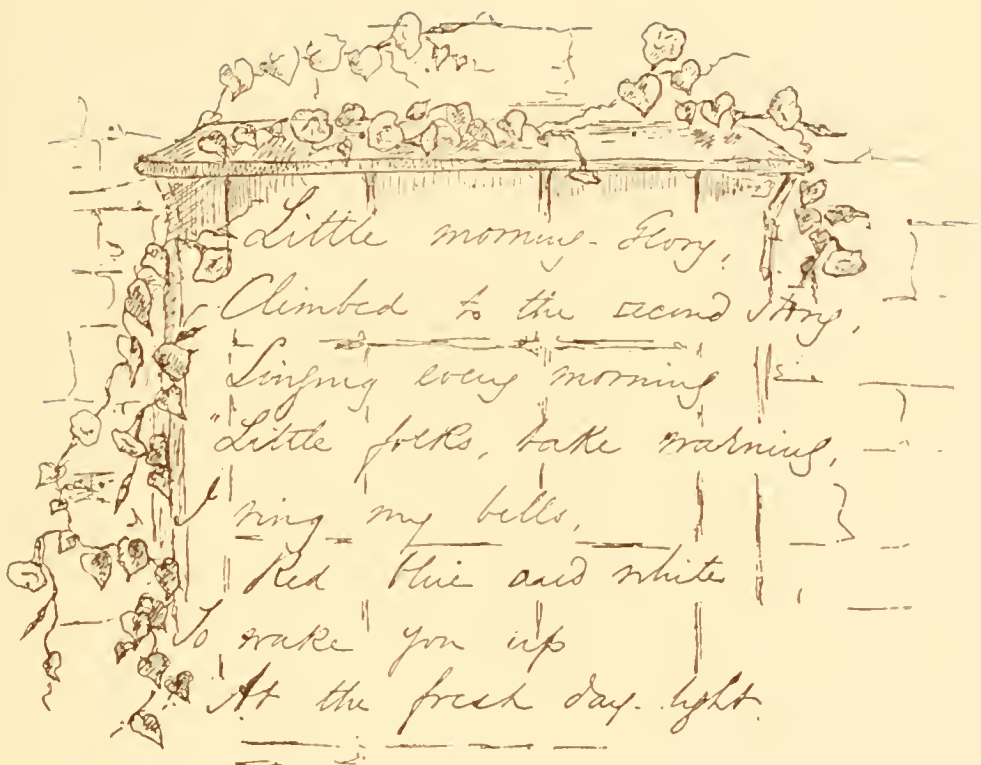
Ah! Mr Mouse, pray how do you do?"

Said the mouse, "I am well,

But tis no thanks to you.

What business have you to break into my
house?"





Little morning-Glory,
Climbed to the second story,
Singing every morning
"Little folks, take warning,
I ring my bells,
Red blue and white
To wake you up
At the fresh day-light.

Down in the field
The corn I blow,
I bend the ears
To and fro,
The slender maize
So gently sways,
For I am the wind;
I blow, - I blow.



The very same corn
I grind, I grind
I blow before
I blow behind,
And turn with my gales
The outspread sails
Of the tall wind-mill
That stands on the hill:
For I am the wind,
I blow, - I blow.





Chinaman, Chinaman,
How did you get upon my fan?
Why that long pigtail to your hair?
Such turn-up shoes, why do you wear?
Where did you get your narrow eyes?
And why that look of soft surprise?

Drum, drum, drum, drum, -
I am coming, I shall come -
I must go,
That's true -
But when I'm better, I will go.



Drum, drum
Come, come,
It's not time for me -
But it's time for some -
Call them out with the pipe & drum -
I am coming,
Drum, drum, drum -

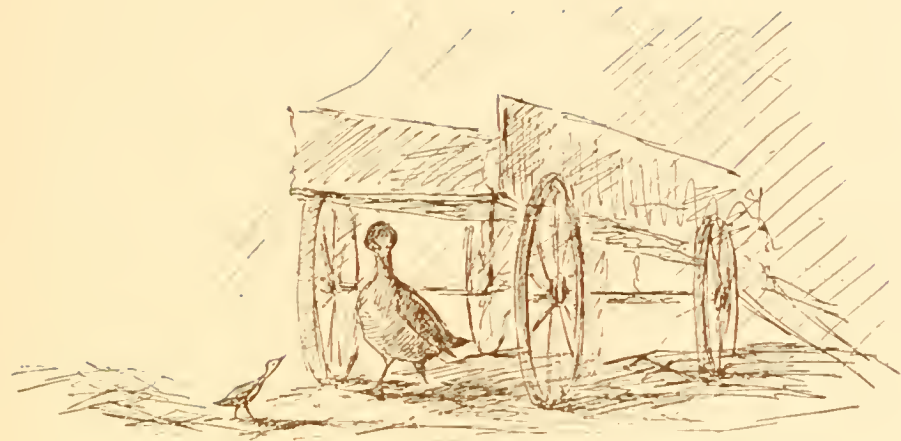


Turtle, turtle on a rail,

Shall I catch you in a pail.

Should you care if I should fail.





When the rain raineth
Then the Goose winketh,
And the little Goose wotteth not
: What the great Goose thinketh.



My name is Sunbeam,—

Quickly I run

Bringing a beaker of wine from
the sun.—

Blossom-bud, blossom-bud

Drink it and grow.

Grass-blade, grass-blade

Quaff it and grow.

Is it sweet?

Ah! the goblet is dry!

Plenty more coming;— Goodbye, Goodbye!



What care I how black I be
If I can learn my ABC.



Said the Caterpillar
To the Butterfly,
Will it ever be
I shall climb so high!"

Said the Butterfly
To the Caterpillar
Nid I ever grow
Like that low fellow!"



My Bartolotti she sate on a stool
She did not like to go to school,
"But," said Miss Bartolotti,
"I am no fool",
"I can't spin and I
 can't sew
But I can make the
 money go.
And I declare I am
 no fool",
said Miss Bartolotti, sitting on her stool.





